

VOL. 2.

NO. 2.

G. Rowland

THE

NEW DOMINION

MONTHLY.

May, 1868.

2.50
1.00
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MONTREAL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON

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**NO. 65 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.**

Soon as death's semblance makes weary man's
eyes,

Sad, sweetly sad, thy notes swelling arise.

Why dost thou fly the first streaks of the day?

Why does the coming light chase thee away?

Hast thou in daytime, from sorrowing, peace?

Do thy sad thoughts with the bright sunshine
cease?

Now breaks thy song from the verdure-clad
hill;

Now it keeps time with the murmuring rill.

Sweet singing spirit, why restless alway?

Come to my window and rest thee for aye.

Breathe to me there all the source of thy woe,

There let thy grief in rich melodies flow,

There tell thy sorrows in secret to me—

Why at my words thus afar dost thou flee?

Farewell then, Whippoorwill, now thou art fled,

True, thou art spirit of one that is dead;

Keep thy sad secret locked fast in thy breast;

Now the sun rises, and now thou hast rest.

Original.

NOTES OF A RAMBLE THROUGH CAPE BRETON.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, NOVA SCOTIA.

In the month of August last, tired of the dust and noise of the city, the writer decided to spend a few weeks in visiting a portion of the New Dominion but little known outside of the Maritime Provinces. Let the reader open up a map of British North America, and direct his eye to the north-east of Nova Scotia, and he will see a large island of exceedingly irregular form, separated from the main-land by a narrow gut, connecting the Atlantic Ocean with the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This is the Island of Cape Breton, known in the days when the French were the rulers of Canada by the name of Isle-Royale. Having visited the island in former years, I had been exceedingly struck by the richness of its resources, and the variety of its exquisite scenery. Nowhere, I knew, could the tourist find more invigorating breezes, better sea-bathing, more admirable facilities for fishing and sport of every kind, than in

Cape Breton. So, in that island I determined to spend the few holidays I could snatch from the treadmill of journalism.

On a fine summer evening I found myself on board one of the Cunard steamers at Halifax; and, in the course of twenty-four hours after steaming out of the harbor, we arrived at the port of North Sydney, where the principal coal mines of Cape Breton are situated. For the space of a month I rambled through the island. I visited many of the villages, and partook of the kind hospitality of its people. I ventured into the depths of its wilderness; saw many relics of the days of the French dominion; fished in its streams; and passed many delightful hours on the waters of its great lake. Now, on this bleak January evening, with the wind whistling shrilly around the house, and tossing the snow-flakes against the windows, I recall those pleasant summer days, and re-produce from my notebook many of the facts that I gathered in the course of my rambles.

Sydney harbor is justly considered one of the finest ports in America, though it is unfortunately ice-bound during the winter months, from the first of January to the first of April. The mimes of the Mining Association of London are at the entrance of the harbor, and are connected by rail with the place of shipment, which is generally known by the name of the "Bar." This place does not present a very attractive appearance to the visitor, the houses being ungainly wooden structures, disfigured by huge, glaring signs. Six miles further up the river is the capital of the island, the old town of Sydney, which is built on a peninsula. As the stranger comes within sight of the town, he does not see many evidences of progress or prosperity. The houses on the street fronting the harbor are, for the most part, very dilapidated and sadly in want of paint and whitewash. The town, however, is very prettily situated, and possesses many pleasing features. In former times, Cape Breton was a separate province, and Sydney had a resident governor and all the paraphernalia of seats

of government. A company of regular troops was also stationed there for many years; but, now-a-days, the old barracks and a tall flag-staff, on which the Union-Jack is never hoisted, are the only evidences that remain of those gay days when Her Majesty's forces enlivened the monotony of the old town.

Sydney certainly is not a prosperous town. The shipping mostly congregates at the "Bar," where the coal is shipped. The new collieries, opened up during the past six years, are situated a considerable distance from Sydney, and have drawn away a good deal of trade which had previously centred in the town. An effort is now being made to build a railway to connect some of these new mines with the harbor; and when that is accomplished—as it must be, sooner or later—we may date the commencement of a new era in the commercial history of the old capital. At present, the charm of Sydney is its pleasant society. In no place of similar size in British America, will you find gentlemen possessed of more general information, or ladies of better tone and manners. In fact, there still cling to Sydney the attributes of an old government and military town. Sydney has, at present, the honor of being constantly visited by the ships of the French navy, and less frequently by English men-of-war. At the time of my visit, the "Jean Bart," a training ship for cadets, and the "Semiramis," bearing the flag of Admiral Baron Megnet, commanding the French fleet in American waters, were anchored off the residence of the French consul, who is also one of the senators of the Dominion. Some years ago, the late Judge Halliburton, better known by the sobriquet of "Sam Slick," endeavored to create a little sensation in England by an article, in which he declared that the French were, contrary to treaty, forming strong fortifications at St. Pierre de Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland; and he also mentioned the frequent visits of the French ships to Sydney as an ominous fact. But the old Judge was only indulging in chimeras, for there are no fortifications

whatever at St. Pierre; nor are the good people of Sydney fearful that their loyalty is in peril because the tricolor waves so often, during the summer months, in their noble harbor, from His Imperial Majesty's ships. On the contrary, they would feel deeply disappointed if these ships were now to cease their periodical visits, which tend so much to enliven the town, and are so very profitable to the farmers of the surrounding country.

Of course, Louisbourg will be one of the first places visited by the tourist in Cape Breton. The old capital is about twenty-five miles from Sydney, and is quickly reached, for the roads in Cape Breton, as a rule, are excellent. Never have I visited a place that more strikingly realizes the idea of perfect desolation than Louisbourg. The old town was built on a tongue of land near the entrance of the harbor; and, from the formidable character of its fortifications, was justly considered the Dunkirk of America. The fortifications alone cost the French Government the sum of thirty millions of livres. The houses are mostly of wood, though the official residences were built of stone imported from France. The position of Louisbourg, and its many advantages as a harbor, naturally attracted the attention of the French in those days, when they entertained such ambitious designs with reference to this continent. As an emporium for vessels sailing between France and Canada, and for the large fleet annually engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, the town was always considered of great importance by French statesmen.

Louisbourg was first taken by Warren and Pepperel; the latter, a merchant of New England, who was the first colonist that ever received the honor of a baronetcy. At the time of its capture by the colonial forces in 1745, the walls were forty feet in thickness, and of considerable height; they were mounted with a hundred and twenty cannon, seventy-six swivels, and some mortars. The harbor was defended by an island battery of 32 guns, which were then considered of large calibre, and by a battery

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on shore, which mounted 30 large guns, and was surrounded by a formidable moat. The success of the colonial troops naturally attracted a great deal of attention throughout England. The victory, too, came at a very opportune time for the mother country. At the time the colonists were gaining laurels at Louisbourg, the British troops were being beaten on the continent of Europe. "We are making a bonfire for Cape Breton, and thundering for Genoa," wrote Horace Walpole to one of his friends, "while our army is running away in Flanders."

By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cape Breton fell once more into the hands of the French, who immediately renewed the fortifications of Louisbourg. At the time the negotiations for this treaty were going on, the French court instructed its envoy to take every care that Cape Breton was restored to France, so important was its position in connection with the trade of Canada and Louisiana. Peace between France and England was not of long duration in those times, and among the great events of the war that ensued was the capture of Louisbourg by Wolfe and Boscawen. Great were the rejoicings when the news of the fall of the "American Dunkirk" reached England. The captured standards were borne in triumph through the streets of London, and deposited in St. Paul's amidst the roar of cannon and the beating of kettle-drums. From that day to this, Cape Breton has been entirely forgotten by the British Government. Fifty years after the fall of Louisbourg, Lord Bathurst ordered all American prisoners to be removed from Halifax to Louisbourg, as a place of safety.

After the fall of Louisbourg, its fortifications were razed to the ground; and a good deal of the stone, as well as all the implements of iron, were carried to Halifax. As the visitor now passes over the site, he can form a very accurate idea—especially if he has a map with him—of the character of the fortifications, and the large space occupied by the town. The form of the batteries is easily traced, although covered with sod, and a number of the bomb-proof case-

mates, or places of retreat for the women and children in the case of siege, are still standing. Many relics, in the shape of shells and cannon-balls, are to be picked up amid the ruins. A person who dwells near the old town told me that he had recently dug up an old cellar full of balls.

The country surrounding the harbor is exceedingly barren and uninteresting, and the houses, which are scattered about at distant intervals, are of a poor description; whilst the small farms in the vicinity do not appear to be at all productive. A light-house stands on one of the points at the entrance of the harbor, which is always open in winter, and easily accessible at all times from the ocean. It is certainly strange that Louisbourg, notwithstanding its great advantages as a port, should have remained so entirely desolate since it fell into British hands. Whilst other places, without its great natural facilities for trade, and especially for carrying on the fisheries, have grown up, the world has passed by Louisbourg, and left it in a state of almost perfect solitude. A few hovels now occupy the site of the old town; a solitary "coaster," wind-bound, or a little fishing-shallop, is now only to be seen on the waters of the harbor where once vessels of every class rode at anchor. Nothing breaks the silence that prevails, except the roar of the surf on the rocks, or the cry of the sea-gull.

Wherever you go in Cape Breton, you come upon traces of the French. Many of the old names are, however, becoming rapidly corrupted as time passes, and their origin is forgotten. One would hardly recognize in "Big Loran" the title of the haughty house of Lorraine. The river Margarie, remarkable for its scenery and the finest salmon-fishing in the Maritime Provinces, is properly the Marguërite. Inganish was formerly Niganiche. The beautiful Bras d'Or, of which I shall speak presently, is still correctly spelled, and so is the Boularderie Island at the entrance of the lake, which is thus named after the marquis to whom it formerly belonged. Port Toulouse—where a canal to connect

the ocean with the lake is now in course of construction—is now known as St. Peter's. The present name of the island is an evidence of the French occupation. Some of these adventurous mariners who have been visiting the waters of the Gulf for centuries, first gave the name of Cape Breton to the north-eastern point of the island. It is believed by some writers that the Bretons and Basques were the first discoverers of the Continent of America. Certainly, it is well known that, in 1504, the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland were prosecuted. In 1517, fifty Castilian, French and Portuguese vessels were engaged on the banks at the same time.

Many interesting relics are now and then turned up by the plough in the old settlements. I remember seeing, some years ago, a fine bell which was discovered at Niganiche, and which bore, in accordance with the custom in France, the following inscription :

"Pour la Paroisse de Niganiche jay été nommé
Janne Fracoise Par Johannis Decarette et
par Françoisse Vrail Parain et Maraine—la fosse
Hvet de St. Malo ma fait An. 1729."

With these few references to the past history of the island, I will now proceed to note a few of its present characteristics.

Among the features of interest are the collieries, of which there are a large number in Cape Breton. Up to 1854, the coal mines of the Province were under the sole control of the Mining Association of London, but during that year an arrangement was made between the Nova Scotians and the Association, by which the coal mines, with the exception of certain acres reserved to the latter, were thrown open to capital and enterprise. The result of this arrangement has been most beneficial to the whole Province, and especially to Cape Breton. There are now at least sixteen mines in operation, and others on the point of being opened, in the island. At Glace Bay and Cow Bay the mines are most vigorously worked, and a large number of buildings have been erected. The residences of the managers are very fine and commodious edifices. Artificial harbors have been constructed at an

enormous cost by enterprising companies, and now shipping of every class can anchor where, only the other day as it were, a vessel of any size was never seen. The total quantity of coal raised in Nova Scotia, in 1865, was 637,256 tons, nearly two-thirds of which came from the Cape Breton mines. During the past two years, the mines were not so actively worked, and the quantity of coal raised was somewhat less. Up to 1866, operations were carried on with great vigor, and there was every prospect of a new era in the commercial history of the island; but the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty produced a very injurious effect on the trade. The principal mines are carried on with American capital, and all of them find their chief market in the United States. It is to be hoped that the people of Quebec and Ontario will be induced to become large consumers of the coal of Cape Breton, which cannot now find a remunerative sale in the American market. If the coal trade was vigorously carried on, the prevalent dullness would soon disappear.

To the lover of nature, the island affords a large fund of amusement. For variety of beautiful scenery, the Bras d'Or cannot be surpassed in British America. You will see all the attractive features of the Hudson and St. Lawrence Rivers as you pass over the magnificent lake which, from its great size, is deserving of being called a sea. The air was hushed and still as I took my seat, on a summer morning, in the little steamer that plies weekly between Sydney and Whyecocomagh, at the head of the lake. The sun was just scattering the morning mist and revealing the fine farms that surround the harbor. The water was undisturbed except by the ripple from the paddles of the boat. In an hour's time we had left the harbor and passed into the Little Bras d'Or, one of two arms that lead into the lake. This arm is very narrow in many places, and resembles a beautiful river. It is full of the most delightful surprises, for you would think yourself perfectly landlocked, when suddenly you would see a little opening, and find yourself, in less than a

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minute, shooting into a large bay. The banks were wooded to the very water's edge; whilst shady roads wound down, in most perplexing fashion, to some rude wharf, where was moored a fisherman's boat or coasting schooner. Fine farms were to be seen on all sides, and, now and then, we caught a glimpse of a tall white spire. By and by, we passed within a stone's-throw of a lofty islet, wooded so deeply that the branches kissed the very water. Anon, we shot out into the Great Bras d'Or itself, where the waves were much higher; in fact, at times they were apt to become a little too boisterous for comfort. Far to the northward we could catch glimpses of the highlands, which terminate in the promontories of Cape North and Cape St. Lawrence. We soon came to Bedeque, or Baddeck, as it is now commonly spelt, the principal village on the lake, which is only a collection of a few houses, set down without reference to order. We spend two hours more on the lake, and then come to Whyecomagh, a little Scotch settlement, situated on a prettily sequestered bay. Here the tourist can find an hour's amusement in visiting a cave of marble, comprising several chambers, in which a man can stand erect. The marble is said to be of good quality, though it has not yet been worked. Whilst at Whyecomagh, I found the people considerably interested by the news that a New York Professor was visiting the quarry with a view of testing its quality. Chance threw the gentlemen subsequently into my path, and the "Professor" turned out an illiterate marble-cutter, who had found his way, somehow or other, to this remote section of the Provinces. I do not think, however, from what I have heard, that he had "hoodwinked" the people of the settlement, who, if not very highly educated, have a pretty accurate idea of the qualifications of a real Professor. The Yankee element, I may here add, is becoming very prevalent in Cape Breton, as well as in Nova Scotia, generally. Not only many of the coal and gold mines, but the principal stage-routes and the telegraph

lines, are in the hands of the Americans; and it would be well for the interests of Cape Breton if more of their energy and enterprise could be infused into its people.

From Whyecomagh you have a drive to the sea coast of about thirty miles, over one of the most picturesque roads in Nova Scotia. The tourist will, in all probability, have to be satisfied with a vehicle entirely destitute of springs and cushions, but he will not mind a little discomfort in view of the exquisite scenery that meets the eye wherever it wanders. Those who have travelled over Scotland cannot fail to notice the striking resemblance that the scenery of this part of Cape Breton bears to that of the Highlands. Indeed, the country is Scotch in more respects than one; the inhabitants are all Scots, and, as a rule, are a well-to-do class. Some of the best farms in the Province are here to be seen, proving conclusively the fine agricultural capabilities of the island. As the carriage passed along the mountain side, we overlooked a beautiful valley, where one of the branches of the Mabou river pursues its devious way, looking like a silvery thread thrown upon a carpet of the deepest green. Every now and then we pass groups of beautiful elms, rising amid the wide expanse of meadows. No portion of the landscape was tame or monotonous, but all remarkably diversified. The eye lingered on exquisite sylvan nooks, or lost itself amid the hills that rose in the distance. The air was perfectly redolent with the fragrance from the newly-cut clover, and the wild flowers that grew so luxuriantly by the way-side. Everything, that summer evening, wore the aspect of Sabbath stillness, the rumble of the waggon wheels and the tinkle of the cow-bells from the meadows below were the only sounds that broke upon the ear.

At Port Hood, on the Gulf shore—an insignificant village, though the shiretown of Inverness county—we took passage on board a fine steamer that plies between Pictou and Charlottetown, and early next morning we found ourselves in the prosperous town of Pictou, whence the railway carried us to

Halifax. So much for the most delightful trip that I have ever taken anywhere in America. If any of my readers wish to make themselves acquainted with one of the finest sections of the Maritime Provinces, and to enjoy an exceedingly cheap and pleasant trip, let them visit Cape Breton next summer, and go through the Bras D'or, and the valley of the Mabou, as I did.

My note-book is full of many references to the scenery of Cape Breton, but my pen cannot do justice to it, and I must pass on to other matters connected with the island. No one can travel for any length of time through the island without seeing the evidences that it is far behind all other parts of British America in the elements of progress. As a rule, the people are poor and unenterprising. The great majority of the people are Scotch, many of whom exhibit the thrift and industry of their race. The descendants of the old French population are an active, industrious class, chiefly engaged in maritime pursuits. A portion of the inhabitants is composed of the families of American loyalists, and the original English settlers. Agriculture is largely followed by the people, and with success in the interior, especially in the vicinity of the great lake. On the sea coast the fisheries predominate, though the people more or less cultivate small farms. The collieries absorb a considerable number of men, but only in particular parts. A good many persons are also engaged in the coasting trade, especially at Arichat, in the county of Richmond (Cape Breton is divided into four counties, Cape Breton, Richmond, Victoria, and Inverness) which, in 1866, owned 300 vessels, comprising 21,049 tons, and valued at \$575,164. The number of the present population of the island is about 75,000 souls. The Catholics and Presbyterians predominate.

There are about five hundred Indians in the island, all belonging to the Miamae tribe. As is the case in other parts of America, they are slowly dwindling away. The majority of the tribe live in a very picturesque section of Cape Breton, in the

vicinity of the Bras D'or Lake, where they have some fine farms, and worship in a large chapel. Once every year, in the summer, they assemble at Eseasoni, and have grand services. For months before, they save all the money they can collect from the sale of baskets, tubs, and fancy work, in order to display a little finery for this grand event of the year.

No part of British America is richer in natural resources, and all those elements necessary to create wealth and prosperity; but unfortunately for Cape Breton, its progress has been retarded by the want of capital. The tide of immigration to America has passed by its shores, and very little capital has come in to develop its capabilities. The new collieries are carried on for the most part, by New York and Boston capital, and no English money is invested in any of the mines, except those worked by the London Mining Association, whose establishment dates a great many years back.

Cape Breton is on the very threshold of the finest fishing ground in the world. Its coal fields are the most extensive and important in British North America. Quarries of marble, gypsum, limestone, and other valuable stones abound, and gold has also been found in several places. The natural position of the island is remarkably advantageous for trade of every kind. It stands like a sentinel at the very gateway of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which it must command most effectually in the time of war. Its coast is indented by a large number of noble harbors, one of which, Louisbourg, is open at all seasons, and is situated on the very pathway of European traffic. No one can doubt that at no very distant date, when capital and enterprise come in and develop its resources, it must occupy a prominent position in the Dominion of Canada.

[We heartily thank Mr. Bourinot for the foregoing admirable sketch of an exceedingly interesting though comparatively little known portion of the Dominion.—Eps. N. D. M.]

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